

From the sky to the sky of skies, from the sky of skies to fog.

Yannai

Despite myself  
I continue in this cloud: hurried, gray,  
trying to forget. In the distance the distance is retreating.

The knocking teeth  
of hail:  
seeds, refugees shoved quickly  
into their deaths.

On another front  
unidentified clouds.  
Spotlights stationed  
in large crosses of light for victims.  
The unloading of railcars.

After that, letters flourish,  
after the flourishing letters  
hide for a moment the truth

all the mud returns. I was a mistake. I was forgotten  
in a sealed railcar, my body  
bound to the bondage of life.  
Here is the pocket where I found bread,  
sweet crumbs, all from the same world.

Maybe there is a small window, if it's not too difficult,  
look at the side of another body, if possible  
open a little.  
Forgive me. I'm reminded of a joke  
about two Jews talking on a train and how they traveled  
to further their ideas.

Will I be able to go onward from my body—

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From the sky to the sky of skies, from the sky of skies to fog,  
long convoys of smoke.

The newly burned yet to understand,  
the prisoners of hope, wander the hapless freedom,  
wary as always on how to exploit  
a sudden hole or best use  
the dual citizenship, the old passport,  
or that cloud? What's new in the cloud?  
Of course,  
they take a bribe here. Between you and I: the big bills  
are still hidden nicely, sewn  
between soles—  
but the shoes are piled downstairs:  
a massive crowd with opened mouths.

Convoys of smoke. Sometimes  
someone knows me  
from that nowhere, calls my name.  
I lift a smile to my face, try to remember:  
who else  
who

with no right to remember, I remember  
shouts in the corner of a room, bayonets  
raised to fulfill  
their need.

With no right to remember. What else  
was there? I am not afraid  
to speak

anymore of the lack of connection:  
there was a blue-heart due to a long winter,  
and a round, soft-blue night lamp.  
Oil dwindling with the blood, guttering flame—

right, before I forget:

I was with the rain as it overtook the border.  
On forbidden paths, with forbidden hope,  
we passed over the edge of the graves.

Maybe now I'm  
watching from the rain's silk lining.

Where to begin?  
I don't even know how to ask.  
My mouth is a mixture of too many languages. But,  
at this time, on these winds,  
very studiously, I'm immersed  
in the heavenly laws of linguistics:  
adverbs, verbs, nouns  
of silence.

Who gave you permission to joke?  
What is beyond you, you know.  
You meant to ask  
what is on the inside, at the bottom.  
How is it you did not see?

You didn't even know I was alive.  
From heavenly skies to fog angels arrived.  
Often, one would see me, but be dismissed

and looking back, shrug  
and continue from my body onward.

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Frozen and split, clotted,  
scarred,  
suffocated, distorted.

If it is my fate to leave here,  
I will try to get down rung by rung.  
I hold them all carefully—  
but the ladder has no end, and  
there is no time. I just fall  
into the world.

On my way back  
my eyes hit me with a question:  
you existed, what else did you want?  
Lower our lids:  
you are the image, see yourself as the sign.

This is what my throat tells me:  
if you are still alive, open, I  
must praise.

My hands hold me  
and my devoted upside-down head:  
I fall fall  
from the sky to sky, from heavenly skies to fog.

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And so the world.  
A gray pacified blue.  
In a gated cloud the sweet blue is gone,  
maybe nacent and sleeping.  
Renewed skies, trying their wings,  
escape from me. I will not be part of them.

I am a clouded gate. In front of me emerges  
a lake  
empty empty of thought, pristine.

There,  
in that coved blue, on the edge of the air,  
I lived once, fragile was my window.  
Maybe some of me survived,  
small floating peices that haven't grown:  
repeating themselves in the delicacy of stilled clouds. Hover.  
Be the moment.

(do not remember the present, do not remember)  
Before I arrive  
(in the present with hands outstretched, fully out)  
awake and volent,  
I sense how close,  
trapped in hope and flickering for the maker,  
this earth is,  
scarred, covered in footprints.